

PAGE ONE

1.

Long shot on Frank in his basement, on the phone. Various guns on racks or partly dismantled on his workbench. Usual ton of ammo and explosives.

Caption: IT TOOK TWENTY-SEVEN PHONE CALLS, MOST OF WHICH
WERE DEAD ENDS.

2.

Close in. He has a list of names in front of him, with a laptop open and an old address book. He's setting the phone down while drawing a line through the last name on the list- all the others are crossed out. We don't have to be able to read them.

Caption: I STILL HAVE CONTACTS IN THE MILITARY. A SERGEANT WHO
BECAME A COLONEL. A CAPTAIN WHO WENT ON TO RUN THE
SNIPER SCHOOL AT BRAGG.

" " DRAG A GUTSHOT MAN ABOARD A HUEY, AND THIRTY YEARS
LATER HE WON'T GIVE A SHIT WHAT NAMES THE MEDIA
CALL YOU.

" " BUT I WAS GETTING NOWHERE.

3.

Back on the phone again.

Caption: I REMEMBERED A PIECE I'D SEEN ON B.B.C. AMERICA:
QUESTIONS IN THE BRITISH PAPERS OVER S.A.S.
INVOLVEMENT IN AFGHANISTAN, POSSIBLY SECONDED TO
U.S. SPECIAL FORCES.

" " LONG SHOT. BUT IT WAS ALL I HAD.

Frank: YORKIE?

4.

Close up on Frank, eyes narrowed, interested.

Jag: FRANK?

Frank: NAME O'BRIEN MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU? AMERICAN
FEMALE, REAL PIECE OF WORK?

Jag: JESUS... NICE ARSE ON HER, SWEARS LIKE A TROOPER,
PERMANENTLY PISSSED OFF?

Frank: THAT'S HER.

PAGE TWO

1.

The Afghan desert, miles from anywhere. Unmarked British army landrover parked further back, no roof, no weapons. Yorkie (from Kitchen Irish) stands behind O'Brien. He has a SIG in one hand, cellphone in the other. Looks quite stunned. She kneels with her hands tied behind her back, lip curling with pissed off, weary disdain, rolling her eyes. They both wear camo fatigues, but hers don't fit too well.

Yorkie: WELL THAT IS A COINCIDENCE, I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SHOOT
HER THROUGH THE HEAD.

Title: MAN OF STONE part two

And credits.

PAGE THREE

1.

Cut back to O'Brien lying unconscious in the alley, one of the British guys searching her, pulling a couple of pistol mags from her dress. The other grimaces, still holding his balls.

Caption: HOW THEY GOT THERE WAS A STORY IN ITSELF.

Balls: OH, MY ACHING FUCKING BOLLOCKS...

Jag: ZULU ONE FROM ZULU THREE, BE ADVISED YOU HAVE TWO,
THAT'S TWO VEHICLES INBOUND--PROBABLY HOSTILE,
OVER.

2.

Both men instantly draw their pistols, deadly serious.

One: ROGER THAT.

Jag: TWO S.U.V.S, FOUR OR FIVE BOYS IN EACH, ALL CAUCASIAN.
AT LEAST TWO A.K.S PER VEHICLE.

" " TURNING INTO THE ALLEY NOW, OVER--

3.

Big. Two suvs race into the alley towards us. Dolnovich sits beside the driver of the nearest one, more guys in the back seat, all with AK47s. They're Zakharov's Black Sea Marines, but Zakharov himself is not present. All grim as hell, Dolnovich snarling orders to the driver, pointing ahead. Dolnovich has the smaller version of the AK, the AKSU.

Off: CONTACT!

PAGE FOUR

1.

The two British guys crouch and open fire with their pistols, carefully aimed two handed shots, blazing away.

2.

The windshield of the first suv disintegrates and the driver throws his hands up, shot several times, blood flying. Dolnovich snarls and dives out the door, gun in hand.

3.

The first suv stops as it hits the wall, the second stops broadside on behind it. Guys pour out of both vehicles, all with Aks. Civilian clothes. Dolnovich is already shooting back at the two Brits in the background.

Jag: ALPHA TO ZULU ONE, STATUS?

4.

One of the Brits talks into his wrist- mic out of sight- as the other drags the unconscious O'Brien into cover in a doorway. Lot of return fire coming in now, full auto, tearing across the ground and walls.

Brit: ALLEY'S A DEAD END, ALPHA-AT LEAST SEVEN A.K.S, WE'RE JUST ABOUT TO GET FUCKED-

Jag: ALL RIGHT, STAND BY. ZULU THREE, ZULU FOUR, WHAT'S THE STATUS ON THE PRINCIPAL, OVER?

Jag 2: SHAT HIMSELF WHEN THE SHOOTING STARTED, TWO RONNIES'VE GOT HIM IN HIS LIM0.

5.

Nearest us the Afghan O'Brien was following is being pushed into a limo by his two bodyguards, terrified. Further back, two more Brits- civilian clothes- sprint back up the street towards the alley, pulling guns as they go. People scatter out of their way.

Jag: ALL RIGHT, LEAVE HIM. DROP BACK ON ONE AND TWO, GO, GO, GO--

PAGE FIVE

1.

O'Brien slowly comes round, blood from the cut on her head smeared down her face. Ejected casings tumble down around her.

O'Brien: UH?

2.

Widen out. The Brit crouching over O'Brien is firing at the Russians in the background, who return fire from the cover of the vehicles. They're obviously doing a lot more shooting, bullets whizzing past the Brits- the other guy is reloading his pistol, staying well back in the doorway. We can just see someone in the back of the second suv, peering out through the window.

O'Brien: WHAT... THE...

3.

Close in. The guy in the suv is Rawlins, peering out at us, not scared but anxious to see what's going on. Window has a couple of holes over his head. Guy leant on the back of the suv next to him blazing away with an AK- note that the Russians all shoot properly too, from the shoulder, aiming.

Off: JESUS!!

4.

O'Brien starts screaming with hatred, but the Brit plants his knee on her back to keep her down, angrily reloading his pistol as bullets whiz past.

O'Brien: GIVE ME A WEAPON! GIVE ME A FUCKING WEAPON!

Brit: SHUT UP, YOU DAFT COW-

5.

The other two Brits at the entrance to the alley, one per side. One waits with a little MP5K machine pistol while the other yanks the pin from a grenade, SIG in hand.

PAGE SIX

1.

The grenade explodes amongst the Russians behind the second SUV, killing two, knocking two more over with shrapnel tearing everywhere. The others stop firing and gape, including Dolnovich.

2.

View past the two new Brits as they open fire, the MP5K guy cutting down two more Russians with a sustained burst. Rawlins screams from the suv.

Rawlins: JESUS CHRIST! DOLNOVICH!

3.

Another Russian is shot to bits. Dolnovich angrily dives into Rawlins' suv. Bullets are coming at them from both directions now. Rawlins yells as several punch through the window around him.

Rawlins: GET US OUT OF HERE, YOU PRICK--!

Dolnovich; FUCKING AMERICAN FAGGOT-

4.

Close up. O'Brien screams with hatred, the knee still pressing her into the ground.

O'Brien: GET RAWLINS! GET HIM! GET THAT PIECE OF SHIT!

" " GIVE ME A FUCKING WEAPON AND I'LL DO IT-

PAGE SEVEN

1.

The suv suddenly goes tearing back down the alley in reverse, one door hanging open, the two new Brits flattening themselves against the walls to avoid it.

Brit: FUCK ME--!

2.

Dolnovich snarls as he ducks behind the wheel, the Brit with the MP5K shooting the windshield to bits as he passes, missing him by inches.

Dolnovich: RAWLINS--

3.

The suv comes screaming out of the alley backwards, people scattering in every direction.

Suv: RAWLINS, YOU FUCK--!

4.

Dolnovich seethes as he drives, furious. In the back seat Rawlins looks anxious as hell.

Dolnovich: EIGHT OF MY BEST MEN.

“ “ THE GENERAL WILL HAVE YOUR HEAD FOR THIS.

5.

The guy with the MP5K changes mags, peering past us, grim. The other one waves to the first two in the background, one of whom waves back. The shot to bits suv is between them, bodies lying all around it.

Guy: SHIT, THEY'RE AWAY...

Other: TWO MANY CIVVIES, GAZ. IT'D JUST TURN INTO A GANGFUCK.

PAGE EIGHT

1.

A dying Russian angrily levels his AK at us, struggling to hold it steady. Blood all over him and the gun, shrapnel wounds to his face and chest.

Off: AH-AH-AH.

2.

Widen out. One of the Brits shoots the guy twice through the head with a SIG and he drops the AK. The other Russians are dead. The Brits move among them, kicking guns out of the way, keeping them covered even though they seem dead.

One: DON'T BE A CUNT, MATE.

Jag: ALPHA TO ZULU, STATUS, OVER?

3.

One of them talks into his wrist mic.

One: ZULU THREE, NO INJURIES. EIGHT HOSTILES DOWN, TWO
FLEEING MOBILE.

“ “ ONE HOSTILE SECURE, OVER.

4.

View past the fourth Brit standing with a foot planted on O'Brien's back, keeping her in place. The other three stand amidst the carnage further back.

Jag: DID SECURE HOSTILE MAKE INITIAL MOVE ON PRINCIPAL,
OVER?

Other: AFFIRMATIVE, OVER.

Jag: BRING HER IN.

5.

O'Brien only, fuming, boot planted on her shoulders.

Off: WILL DO, YORKIE.

“ “ ZULU THREE OUT.

PAGE NINE

1.

Big. Zakharov stands nearest us gazing off into the distance. He's standing on the roof of a building somewhere in Kabul, wearing a leather overcoat over civilian clothes, no hat. Dolnovich and the edgy Rawlins stand further back, waiting. Still day.

Zakharov; AFGHANISTAN.

“ “ ALL THAT HARD WORK FOR NOTHING.

2.

Pull back as he turns. Beyond the building we see the vast, distant mountains out across the endless plains. We're about ten stories up.

Zakharov: YOU FAILED.

Dolnovich: YES SIR.

3.

Dolnovich reports, Zakharov listens.

Dolnovich: WE SHADOWED THE AFGHAN ALL MORNING. WHEN THE
WOMAN MADE HER MOVE SHE WAS LIFTED BY TWO
BODYGUARDS WE HADN'T SEEN.

“ “ WHEN WE MADE OUR MOVE, WE WERE HIT BY TWO MORE—
Zakharov; YOU HADN'T SEEN. DID YOU IDENTIFY THEM?

4.
Zakharov turns to Rawlins, who goes a little grim.

Dolnovich: WHITE...

Rawlins: BRITISH. YOU COULD HEAR THEM IN BETWEEN THE
SHOOTING.

“ “ YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, RIGHT?

PAGE TEN

1.
Dolnovich turns to Rawlins, pissed off. He puts his hands up.

Dolnovich: WHY THE FUCK DIDN'T YOU TELL US THEY WERE UNDER
S.A.S. PROTECTION, YOU ASSHOLE?

Rawlins: JESUS, I DIDN'T KNOW--!

2.
Rawlins does some fast talking.

Rawlins: I HEAR ABOUT THESE TOWELHEADS GETTING' KNOCKED OFF,
TALLOSH AN' AREFI AN' THEN HOMAYOUN, THE ONLY
CONNECTION I MAKE IS WITH O'BRIEN! THEM AN' THE OTHER
THREE, THEY'RE THE ONES RAPED THE BITCH—SO NOW SHE'S
WASTIN' THEM, I MEAN THAT WAS THE BEGINNIN' AN' END
OF IT AS FAR AS I KNEW!

“ “ THEY MUSTA... THEY'RE PROBABLY WORKIN' FOR SOME
SHITHEAD IN D.C. THEY'RE EX-TALEBAN, THEY'RE GONNA
KNOW ALL KINDSA USEFUL SHIT.

3.
Zakharov is calm, Dolnovich glaring grimly offshot at us.

Zakharov: SO THE AMERICANS SEE THEIR CREATURES GETTING KILLED.
ASSIGN THEM SPECIAL FORCES PERSONNEL.

Dolnovich: AND THE NEXT ONE SHE HITS HAPPENS TO BE COVERED BY
THE BRITISH, WHICH IS JUST TOUGH SHIT ON US.

“ “ FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?

4.
Dolnovich glares at Rawlins, who has his hand down his pants, wincing a
bit. Zakharov turns towards us, nearest.

Rawlins: I THINK THE STITCHES IN MY BALLS HAVE OPENED UP...

Dolnovich: TRUST ME: YOU DON'T WANT ME DOING IT OVER AGAIN.

Zakharov: THIS PUTS US BACK TO WHERE WE STARTED.

" " NEW IDEAS, RAWLINS.

5.

Rawlins looks up at us from the blood on his fingertips, suddenly anxious.

Off: THINK QUICKLY.

PAGE ELEVEN

1.

Yorkie reading off a piece of paper, thoughtful.

Yorkie: RIGHT, WE'VE GOT TO SLOT HER.

2.

We're in a large tent with one wall open, looking out across a large military encampment with an RAF Chinook helicopter parked nearest. Another takes off beyond it. Yorkie faces the four guys from earlier. The MP5K guy, Gaz, sits at a folding table loading bullets into magazines. The other three stand or sit. Everyone has a mug of tea, a couple smoke.

Yorkie: KATHRYN O'BRIEN, THE YANKS I.D.ED HER FROM HER PICTURE. THEY SAY THIS IS SOME PERSONAL THING FOR HER, SO THERE'S NO NEED FOR INTERROGATION.

" " BAD GIRL: GOT TO GO.

3.

One of them is curious. Gaz is pissed off, not looking up. Yorkie glares at him.

One: THIS FROM WASHINGTON, YORKIE?

Gaz: WHEN ISN'T IT?

Yorkie: SHUT UP, GAZ.

" " VOLUNTEERS?

PAGE TWELVE

1.

All four of them, not looking up, quiet. Gaz keeps loading his mug. One of the others folds his arms, uncomfortable.

One: FUCKSAKE, BOSS.

2.

Yorkie raises an eye, turns to the one O'Brien attacked. He's nearest, not looking up, emotionless.

Yorkie: JOHNNY?

" " I HEARD SHE NEARLY HAD YOUR BOLLOCKS OFF, MATE.

3.

Yorkie looks tired. They still don't look at him.

Yorkie: ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT.

" " OH, BY THE WAY, THAT NAME SHE WAS SHOUTING: THAT HAD THE YANKS FUCKING SHITTING THEMSELVES. WE RUN INTO ANYONE CALLING THEMSELVES RAWLINS, WE'VE ORDERS TO OBLITERATE THE CUNT.

4.

Yorkie looks in through a plastic window in a flap door at the rear of the tent. O'Brien lies nearest on a little cot in a separate compartment, blindfolded, gagged, ankles and wrists tied tight.

5.

Yorkie turns from the plastic window to look at us, eyes narrowed a little.

Yorkie: YOU KNOW, I'VE NO IDEA WHY YOU LOT ARE GETTING SO SENTIMENTAL. ONE LOOK AT THAT LASS AND YOU CAN TELL SHE KNOWS THE SCORE.

" " SHE'S ONE OF US.

PAGE THIRTEEN

1.

O'Brien glares at us as Yorkie's hand pulls up the blindfold.

Off: AFTERNOON.

2.

Widen out. Very serious, Yorkie crouches next to her to pull the gag off her mouth. He has a SIG. There's a set of camo fatigues and a pair of boots on the bed next to her.

Yorkie: YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE OFF THE LOCAL CLOBBER AND PUT THIS ON. THEN I'M GOING TO SECURE YOUR WRISTS AGAIN.

" " YOU TRY ANYTHING DAFT AND YOU'RE DEAD, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

3.

O'Brien looks cold as Yorkie cuts the plastic cuffs off her ankles with a little knife, keeping the gun on her.

O'Brien: YOUR LITTLE BOY NEEDS TO LEARN TO KEEP HIS DISTANCE.

Yorkie: HE PROBABLY DOES, AYE.

4.

He puts the pistol to her forehead, watches her carefully as he cuts her wrists free.

Yorkie: THEN AGAIN, HE DIDN'T WANT TO START A PANIC IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE STREET. NOT IN A COUNTRY WHERE EVERY
OTHER WANKER OUT THERE HAS AN A.K. OVER THEIR
SHOULDER.

“ “ BECAUSE HE'S NOT AN IRRESPONSIBLE FUCKING AMERICAN
DICKHEAD, SEE.

5.

He stands back, keeping the pistol on her as she massages her wrists, grim.

Yorkie: YOU GET THAT LOT ON YOU AND WE'LL GO FOR A LITTLE
DRIVE.

O'Brien: I'LL BET.

PAGE FOURTEEN

1.

Long shot, maybe just silhouettes. Dolnovich is about to throw Rawlins off the roof of the building, Zakharov watching calmly.

Rawlins: I'VE HAD A FUCKING IDEA--!

2.

Close in. Dolnovich turns to Zakharov, still holding the terrified Rawlins over the edge.

Dolnovich: GENERAL?

Zakharov: A LAST INDULGENCE.

3.

Dolnovich drops Rawlins onto the roof, face first. Painful impact.

Dolnovich: MAKE IT BRILLIANT.

4.

Rawlins is pretty shaky, looking up at the grim Zakharov, holding up a hand for calm.

Rawlins: OKAY, LISTEN, YOU WANT CASTLE--

Zakharov: HE MUST BE ALIVE TO CONFESS.

“ “ SO THAT MOSCOW MUST FACE THE TRUTH ABOUT SUHDEK.

5.

Rawlins only, hint of the old confidence, the sneaky bastard.

Rawlins: SO THE BRITS HAVE O'BRIEN. WE CAN'T USE HER TO BRING HIM HERE.

" " SO LET'S USE YOU.

PAGE FIFTEEN

1.

Rawlins gets slowly to his feet, warming to his subject. The other two watch coldly.

Rawlins: THERE'S NEWS CREWS ALL OVER THIS SHITHOLE, ALL OF 'EM LOOKIN' FOR THE LATEST EXCLUSIVE ON THE WAR ON TERROR, OR WHATEVER THE FUCK IT'S CALLED NOW. SO YOU GIVE IT TO 'EM.

" " JUST WALK THROUGH THE LOBBY OF ONE OF THE BIG HOTELS, THAT'S WHERE THESE ASSHOLES LIKE TO STAY. ONE OF 'EM'S GOTTA RECOGNISE YOU.

2.

Big. Zakharov only, cold, shadowy.

Off: I MEAN YOU'RE THE MAN OF STONE, RIGHT? THE SHIT YOU PULLED HERE IN EIGHTY-SEVEN, UP IN THE MOUNTAINS— FUCK, THAT WAS TOO MUCH EVEN FOR THE SOVIETS. NO WONDER YOU GOT SHITCANNED AFTER THAT.

" " WORD GETS OUT THAT NIKOLAI ZAKHAROV IS BACK IN AFGHANISTAN, JESUS, THOSE PICTURES'LL BE FLASHED AROUND THE WORLD INSIDE A MINUTE...

3.

Rawlins smiles, sneaky. Dolnovich watches him, cold.

Rawlins: SO WHAT YOU DO IS, YOU COME OUT WITH SOME LINE ABOUT LOOKIN' FOR A COMRADE FROM SUHDEK. MAKE IT GOOD, HAVE DOLLY SHOVE THE CAMERA GUY AWAY—NO MORE QUESTIONS, SHIT LIKE THAT.

" " CASTLE'S GONNA SEE IT. CASTLE'S GONNA KNOW YOU'RE ONTO HIM.

4.

Dolnovich is not impressed. Rawlins grins at Zakharov.

Dolnovich: SO WE ALERT THE VERY MAN WE'RE HUNTING. WONDERFUL.

Rawlins: HE'LL COME TO YOU, GENERAL. I KNOW THIS FUCK, HE DOESN'T LIKE LOOSE ENDS.

5.

Rawlins' grin darkens, nasty.

Rawlins: HE DOESN'T WANNA TAKE ON RUSSIAN SPECIAL FORCES IN NEW YORK CITY. HE'S AN AMERICAN.

“ “ WE FIGHT OUR WARS IN OTHER PEOPLE’S COUNTRIES.
PAGE SIXTEEN

1.
Zakharov turns away, thoughtful. Dolnovich watches him, eyes narrowed, concerned.

Zakharov: INTERESTING.

Dolnovich: GENERAL, WHAT THIS IDIOT HASN’T MENTIONED IS THAT MOSCOW WILL SEE THE BROADCAST TOO. AND WE ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE IN KABUL.

2.
Zakharov thinks about it.

Zakharov: TRUE. ON THE OTHER HAND, THEY HAVE NO ONE HERE WHO CAN ENFORCE AN ORDER FOR MY RECALL.

“ “ YOUR MARINES ARE LOYAL TO ME, NOT SOME MEALY-MOUTHED EXCRESCENCE OF A PRESIDENT. AND ONCE WE HAVE CASTLE, IT WILL BE TOO LATE: WITH THE TRUTH MADE PUBLIC, MOSCOW WILL BE UNABLE TO DENY IT.

3.
Dolnovich is slightly stunned.

Zakharov: THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT, THE MORE I BELIEVE IT TO BE WORTH THE RISK.

Dolnovich: YOU DO? SIR?

4.
Zakharov turns to face him, cold.

Zakharov: YES, CAPTAIN DOLNOVICH, I DO.

5.
Big, cold, grim headshot on Zakharov. Eyes burning with quiet but intense anger.

Zakharov: U.S. FORCES LAUNCHED A COVERT OPERATION ON RUSSIAN SOIL. KILLED DOZENS OF OUR SOLDIERS. STOLE OUR PROPERTY. AND WE ALLOWED IT.

“ “ MY MOTHER AND FATHER FELL AT STALINGRAD. YOUR GRANDFATHER WAS A TANK-RIDER WHEN OUR ARMY TURNED THE NAZIS BACK AT KURSK. DID THEY SPILL THEIR BLOOD SO OUR MOTHERLAND COULD BE FUCKED AND THROWN AWAY LIKE A WHORE?

PAGE SEVENTEEN

1.
Zakharov turns his back on us, walks away across the roof, watched by the other two.

Zakharov: MEET ME AT THE CAR.

2.
Left alone, Dolnovich turns to see Rawlins smiling smugly to himself.

3.
Dolnovich is carefully impassive. Rawlins looks up, puzzled.

Dolnovich: DOLLY.

Rawlins: HUH?

Dolnovich: DOLLY. DOLNOVICH.

4.
Rawlins only, suddenly edgy as a shadow falls across him.

Off: IT'S VERY CLEVER, I LIKE IT A LOT.

" " YOUR STITCHES HAVE OPENED UP AGAIN.

5.
Dolnovich seizes Rawlins by the lapels and knees him so hard in the balls the impact lifts his feet off the ground. Rawlins gasps in total shock.

6.
Pull back as Dolnovich walks away across the roof, leaving Rawlins writhing in agony.

Dolnovich: HURRY UP, WILL YOU?

" " LOTS TO DO.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

1.
Back to the beginning. View past the parked landrover. O'Brien is on her knees, Yorkie standing a few yards behind her.

Yorkie: D'YOU WANT A MINUTE TO PRAY OR ANY OF THAT?

O'Brien: NO.

" " MIGHT AS WELL BE TODAY AS ANY OTHER.

2.
Close on Yorkie, pistol in one hand, taking his phone out of his pocket with the other, irritated.

Yorkie: DIDN'T THINK DO.

" " FUCK, I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO ANSWER THIS...

3.

View past O'Brien, completely emotionless. Yorkie answers his phone.

Yorkie: HELLO?

4.

Big, long shot. We're in the middle of nowhere here, two tiny people next to a tiny landrover.

5.

View past O'Brien as she turns, curious. Yorkie has walked a little further away, deep in conversation on the phone.

PAGE NINETEEN

1.

View past Yorkie now, obviously astonished at what he hears. O'Brien strains to listen from further back, fascinated, but he's too far away for her to hear.

Yorkie: WHAT...?

" " FRANK, FOR GOD'S SAKE, MATE--!

2.

Yorkie only, can't believe this.

Yorkie: JESUS CHRIST--AYE, I KNOW, BUT--

" " I'M GOING TO LOOK LIKE A RIGHT CUNT! TO SAY NOTHING OF ALL THE SHITE THIS IS GOING TO STIR UP!

3.

Closer on him, fuming a bit, frustrated. Eyes wide.

Yorkie: YOU'RE BLOODY RIGHT WE'RE QUIT, AFTER THIS YOU'RE OFF MY CHRISTMAS CARD LIST FOR LIFE. AYE.

" " AYE. AYE. RIGHT.

" " OKAY THEN.

4.

O'Brien waits nearest, bewildered, not looking at Yorkie. He looks pissed off, putting away his phone, not looking at her.

5.

Yorkie only, deeply pissed off, icy.

Yorkie: THERE'S BEEN A BIT OF A CHANGE OF PLAN.

6.

O'Brien only, staring up at us, face twisting in total disbelief.

Off: I'M GOING TO DRIVE YOU BACK TO KABUL. THEN I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE KEYS TO THE LANDROVER.

“ “ THEN I’M GOING TO BASH MYSELF IN THE HEAD SO IT LOOKS
LIKE YOU TWATTED ME ONE, AND THEN WE’RE GOING TO GO
OUR SEPARATE WAYS.

PAGE TWENTY

1.
Yorkie holsters his pistol, just weary now. O’Brien stares at him,
completely bewildered.

O’Brien: WHY...?

Yorkie: NAME FRANK FUCKING CASTLE MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

2.
Big. O’Brien stares at us, stunned to absolute silence. Yorkie crouches
behind her, opening his little knife.

Yorkie: HERE, I’M GOING TO CUT YOUR WRISTS LOOSE. I ASSUME
YOU’RE SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW WHEN YOU’RE ONTO A
GOOD THING.

“ “ BESIDES, MY LADS WOULD HUNT YOU TO THE ENDS OF THE
BLOODY EARTH.

3.
The two of them walk back to the landrover. Yorkie fumes quietly,
O’Brien is still completely thrown.

4.
They get in. Yorkie looks at her, frowning thoughtfully. She’s a little
startled, obviously miles away.

Yorkie: YOU KNOW, THERE’S A QUESTION YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO
ANSWER FOR ME. SOMETHING I’VE BEEN WONDERING ABOUT
FOR YEARS.

O’Brien: HUH...?

Yorkie: WHY THE FUCK.

5.
Long shot as the landrover drives off across the endless desert.

Landrover: DO AMERICANS LIKE BENNY HILL?

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

1.
TV screen. Zakharov turns away from the camera, with Dolnovich angrily
reaching to stick his hand over the lens. Other people about, general
sense of confusion and excitement, camera flashing.

Dol(jag): NO MORE QUESTIONS, GET THE—

Jag: THIS REMARKABLE SIGHTING, OF ONE OF THE COLD WAR’S

MOST NOTORIOUS PERSONALITIES, HAS CAUSED SHOCK
AND CONSTERNATION IN DIPLOMATIC CIRCLES AROUND
THE WORLD...

2.

View past Frank watching the TV in his basement. Newsreader on screen with a big headshot of Zakharov in military uniform behind him- 20 years younger, but really no different.

Jag: GENERAL ZAKHAROV, LONG BELIEVED RETIRED AFTER
ALLEGATIONS OF MASS MURDER DURING SOVIET RUSSIA'S
OCCUPATION OF AFGHANISTAN, IS CURRENTLY AT LARGE
SOMEWHERE IN KABUL.

" " SO FAR NO STATEMENT HAS BEEN FORTHCOMING FROM
MOSCOW, BUT A SPOKESMAN FOR U.S. FORCES IN
AFGANISTAN EXPRESSED GRAVE CONCERN...

3.

Frank grimly switches off with the remote.

Caption: TRAP WASN'T THE WORD.

" " INVITATION WAS MORE LIKE IT.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

1.

He stands, reaches into a drawer. Long shot across the gun-lined basement.

Caption: WHAT ZAKHAROV SAID SOLVED HALF THE PUZZLE.

" " SUHDEK. IN THE SILO, TWO YEARS BACK—I'D WONDERED
WHAT KIND OF HARDASS WAS IN CHARGE, THROWING MEN
INTO MY GUNSIGHTS LIKE FUEL ON A FIRE.

" " THE MAN OF STONE. OF COURSE I'D HEARD OF HIM.

2.

Close up on a U.S passport open in his hand, picture of Frank next to the name HICKS, PATRICK

Caption: THE OTHER HALF: YORKIE TOLD ME WHAT O'BRIEN KNEW. IF
RAWLINS WAS THERE HE'D SOLD ME OUT, TRIED USING HER
TO GET TO ME.

" " ZAKHAROV WANTED ME FOR SUHDEK. FOR SOMETHING OF
HIS OWN; MOSCOW WOULDN'T DREAM OF SENDING HIM TO
KABUL.

3.

He starts throwing clothes into a holdall. No weapons.

Caption: IT HAD TO BE FACED, IT HAD TO BE FINISHED. WE ALL OF US
KNEW WHERE.

" " AS I PACKED I THOUGHT ABOUT THE PLACE. ABOUT WHAT

THE BRITISH LEARNED ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER, AND
THE RUSSIANS LEARNED A CENTURY AFTER THEM.

4.

Big dark shot on Frank, thinking quietly to himself.

Caption: YOU GO TO WAR IN AFGHANISTAN—

“ ” AND EVERYBODY DIES.

TO BE CONTINUED